TWO SOULS IN ONE BODY: A REALISTIC BUT SCIENTIFIC ACCOUNT OF A TRUE PSYCHOLOGICAL CASE.

By William Lee Howard, M.D.

THE RECENT case of an eminent professor who was found acting as a waiter in a Bowery dive, is not such an extraordinary example of double personality as may at first appear. As the science of physiologic psychology, that study of the function of the brain—the mind—which is based on physiologic knowledge, is more and more understood, these weird and distressing cases of alternating personalities are becoming of the utmost importance. To the general reader, cases of women who have lived as men and men who have lived as women, are more or less familiar. But these are not true cases of double personalities, for these individuals always retain the same mental and psychical attitudes; the masquerading is for some personal reason, but their egos are constantly under their own and only control. A true example of double personality is where one body contains two souls. These souls are distinct entities and unrecognizable to each other. This dualism causes, at certain intervals, dissolution of unity of the existing personality, and makes hell a subjective reality. One personality takes possession of the body at certain periods, the one in command playing its sinister *rôle* as absolute ruler of the body; then, as though exhausted by its fiendish moral holocaust, hides in some dark, remote recesses of the brain while its twin soul, perhaps the power of a God-fearing man or virtuous maid, solemnly guides and owns the body until the jealous other ego again violently and suddenly breaks forth in its commanding power. Which, in such a case, is the real person you know?

Some of the cases that have come under my observation suggest atavistic traces of savage life; some, growth and outbreak of less remote inheritance whose germ-cells retained the potentialities of a criminal or a bad, loathsome woman.

The body and mind that friends call a woman may at certain periods break away from home, and as a tramp or lewd person wander abroad with no realization of its other personality; then, after weeks or months, it will return to its other self, its publicly-accepted form, with no recognition of its past self, the ambulant female hobo. You cannot, from a scientific view-point, say she is insane during these periods, for each is a distinct personality sane in itself. Which is the true self? You would be inclined to say the period of goodness and morality, but may not this be an artificially developed personality and the real personality the one in which she reverts to her ancestral or barbaric life of the past? Likewise we may have the quiet, law-abiding man suddenly disappear from his community, all trace of him lost for weeks. Unexpectedly he returns, a physical wreck, unable to tell of his whereabouts during the interval, his mind a blank—a hiatus—concerning his reasons for leaving a cheerful home and loving family and with but a dim, hazy memory of what caused him to return. An unaccountable murder has taken place meanwhile, one that mystifies the shrewdest of men. The body and hands of the murderer are now living the moral, upright life; his present self is ignorant, innocent of what the incarnate savage personality that controlled him has done. This beast-self is what was passed on to him in germ-cells, and its acts are ancestral revenge, or perhaps the hunger for human blood, a savage appetite that must be satisfied. His sudden disappearance was an echo of ancient forays. Why should some be so cursed

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that the flood-gates of atavism are periodically opened and the animal instincts of a remote past pour over the instincts of reason and for a certain length of time stop the song of life?

These cyclic psychoses are partly explainable, but only to those who have a full and broad understanding of biology and physiology. One fact I wish to distinctly stand forth before telling the true story of one of these single bodies with two souls; that is, that crime is misdirection and often amenable to discipline, but alternating personalities with complete blotting of egos is a psychologic problem not yet controllable.

The time has arrived when in the name of truth and justice, for the sake of those who come after us and for the making of a stronger feeling of brotherhood, certain facts should be given publicity. Too long have facts of vital importance to humanity been hidden among the bookshelves of narrow-minded physicians or secretly locked up by modern cant and hypocrisy. It is puritanical cowardice to refrain from telling facts occurring in Nature's many warnings, and if by plain speaking I can drop a hint of instruction as to the curse of a bad inheritance, I care not if I shock the smug doctor or the many assuming prudes, both of whom have, the one obscured, and the other perverted, facts happening in the reproduction of the human race. Many will ask, after reading the following story of Jennie and Karl: "Was anything like this known before?" Yes; medical psychologic literature is full of analogous cases. One case reported long before science seriously took up this study was that of one Laport, who at sixteen was predominantly a girl and at sixty-five a man.

In a room facing one of the old squares, where still reside many of New York's original and real aristocracy, sits a young man reading a theological work. His figure is slight, and as he rises and goes toward the window there is the appearance of the diligent student. His feet are small and his hands delicate. As he walks he gives you the impression of adolescent awkwardness. But the man is twenty-eight years old and a theological student. Knowing this you will say, if you are a medical man, that his physical appearance is due to arrested development. There is nothing displeasing in face or form, except that to the athlete the man would appear as a fit subject for exercise. The table is piled with books in orderly disorder. The daily and weekly papers are scattered on a divan, and pipes and tobacco litter a small table. There are a few college photographs hung on the walls, as well as one or two excellent examples of the modern French school of paintings. The room in all its appurtenances and effects is masculine; it has a positive atmosphere.

The man runs his slender fingers through his long, blonde hair, takes up a pipe and after lighting it commences to read aloud. His voice is pitched in a low and well-bred tone. It shows cultivation by the control and cadence. It is humanly masculine. The reading is difficult; it is done with decided effort; one notices this by the restlessness of the man and the verbal repetitions. Gradually his head drops between his hands, great tremors convulse his delicate frame, his body shakes and his limbs spasmodically writhe. He passes his hands over his chin twice, thrice, then constantly, nervously, passionately. His hands, anon his fingers, are seeking something. Oh! how piteously they try to search out some sign, some hope that it is not so. In despair a strange voice cries out: "No, no; I am no longer a man. See, see, see; there are no signs of a beard where you know there were yesterday. Yes, it stopped growing last night! Oh, this horror, horror. Mother of Mercies! cannot this vampire thing, my soul-sister, be killed, crushed in me? Something dim but body-chilling hangs over me. I have been told——Oh, this beast of me; this foul monster of a fouler ancestor. Stop!"

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—and now the voice had some resemblance to the former reader—"Do n't, do n't *you* go. Good God! what will you do with my body this time?" There was a moaning sigh, the hands tore at the neck in agonizing despair, then the hyphenated personalities rolled the body into the student's chair. Deep silence and tremors are the only objective signs you see of the fearful struggle going on in the helpless frame. The two persons in this one frame of flesh have strengthened themselves by years of fruitless contests. One has lived its calm and studious life for the past four weeks, but now must give way to its cursed soul-partner. There is a final struggle, for "the worm that never dies" has entered and now owns for its beastly orgies the obedient body. As this is taking place there seems to be an echo of the dying entity of the man, for the student voices the invective of a decadent son upon a sire, but for whose vices he might have been normally born. The curses on his father are as haunting and characteristic of our modern stupidity in allowing the unfit to marry, as the curse of Atreus' time for ancient Greece. Then, as though Death himself had rallied to the piteous call, the student Karl falls to the floor. With fixed eyes he remains for a moment motionless. Then a great, startlingly great, change comes over the body. A flush appears on his cheeks and the smile of a woman controls his now reddened lips. Fear and horror have fled, and joy is rampant through the wide eyes of desire. The Prince of Darkness has sprung from his abode and the *man* no longer exists; a woman's soul has entered and her character is devilized.

On the approach of darkness a daintily-attired young woman leaves the house and takes a cross-town car. Her gown is of fine silk and laces. Handsome rings are on her fingers and valuable jewels are on her wrists and around her neck. Her feet are incased in pretty and artistic stockings of silk, over which are little, white-kid shoes. As she gracefully lifts her skirts it is seen that her lingerie is of elegant material, in fact much time, thought and money have been given to these details. She leaves the car at Eleventh avenue and mincingly picks her way across the street. Her walk is remarkably graceful, her figure and movements pleasing and her actions modest and innocent-appearing. It is a dark night, but she seems to know her way, for there is no hesitancy when she reaches a big gate that is the entrance to a wood-yard. The gate is open just enough to allow a small person to slip through, and in goes Jennie. As she passes up the small alleys made by the lumber-piles she is greeted by low and coarse voices:

"Hello, Jen. Soy, Jennie, me solo; de gang 's waitin'."

"Cut dat out, youse, er Red Mike 'll chuck yer," shouted an authoritative tough. "Let his bunch of glad rags 'lone. Yer want ter hike yer graft?"

Jennie made no reply but fearlessly and happily went on. Emerging at the other end of the yard she crosses a narrow, dirty street to a basement-entrance, where stood two specimens of Hell's Kitchen's gang.

"All ter de good, Jen.," one remarked as the girl lifted up her skirts and descended.

She entered a dark, opprobious den of shame, the "hang out" of Red Mike's gang, "The Sheeny Skinners." Before she could distinguish distinctly those around her she was roughly picked up and thrown with force on a wooden-bench. She was then vilely cursed, and as the foul, red-headed tough grabbed her up again he bit her. A sigh of rapture was her response. Again he caught her and furiously clasped his filthy hands on her neck, while he pushed and twisted the girl into a corner. She remained motionless, as though mortally injured. One of the beetle-browed degenerates in this human sty approached her and lifted a hand with the intention of taking the rings from her fingers. Her idol, wolf-brained Mike, sprang at him hitting him as he bent over, following the blow up by a

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vicious kick on the head, rendering the brute unconscious. In a few moments Jennie rose, embraced the leader of the gang and unclasping a handsome gold garter gave it to her master.

Five days after, late in the night, a tawdrily-dressed, wan, old-looking woman dragged her way along the streets. She was repulsive to look upon and shook and muttered like one who had been on a protracted alcoholic debauch. One eye was closed by an ugly-looking wound, while numerous marks and bruises were on her face and neck. She had walked from Eleventh avenue, not having car-fare. She found the basement of the student's house and mechanically felt in a corner, where, covered by dirt, she found a key. Miserable now, without any clear recognition of a distinct personality, this mere connecting link of two souls entered Karl's room. It looked around in a dazed, inquiring manner, then suddenly, as though impelled by some inward fury, began to tear off the rags of the woman. Every piece of clothing on her bruised body was torn aside and hurled with rabid vehemence into a corner. Then came deep-welling cries of fear, interspersed with the moans of a hidden but beaten spirit. A moment of silence ensued, but was soon broken by a loud, strident call, accompanied by a rush into the adjoining bedroom where the racked body was literally thrown on the bed by some powerful and unknown force. There were visible tremors in the muscles, the facial expression changed from weariness to fright, then to wonder. There was the shaking of a severe chill which merged into the rigidity of death, followed by complete relaxation as the maleficient soul of Jennie passed into space, but only to gather again in course of time its hell-born fury.

Three days after this dissolution of Jennie, Karl leaves his room. His eyes are bright, there are no marks of violence on face or body, but there is the three-days' growth of beard. Karl takes up the book where Karl left off reading, and now the mind of Karl has no trouble in working the problems set before the student.

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THE VITAL ISSUE IN THE PRESENT BATTLE FOR A GREAT AMERICAN ART.

AN EDITORIAL SKETCH AND A CONVERSATION WITH FRANK EDWIN ELWELL.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SEPTEMBER the sixth was one of those glorious early autumn days when, after a period of heat and rain, nature waves her magic wand until the oppressive humidity vanishes before the clean, fresh, invigorating breeze charged with the ozone that makes all sentient beings thrill with new life. I was seated on the broad veranda of the charming home—I use the term advisedly—of the eminent sculptor, Frank Edwin Elwell, at Weehawken, New Jersey. About two hundred feet below us the Hudson, freighted with ships, boats and barges, flowed into the ocean. Beyond was the pulsing, throbbing, restless life of the New World's chief metropolis.

My journey had led me to the home of the man around whom of late the friends of unfettered and vital art—a noble, free art, worthy of the New World and the great Republic—had so enthusiastically rallied because there had suddenly arisen the old and yet ever new struggle which

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